Death

Whyte Bard

He was old. He felt old. His body did not work right anymore, and he was always tired. His eyes were rheumy, and there were pains in his joints that woke him in the cold night time.

One night, as he slept, a soft white light filled his hut. He looked up, and saw the most beautiful Lady he had ever seen standing in the room.

"Who are you?" he whispered.

"Death," She answered, quietly.

"Death?" His reply was confused. "I never thought Death would be so beautiful! We have always pictured you as some kind of spectre of fear."

The Lady smiled. "You only fear Death because you do not remember it. Just as you fear Life, because you do not remember it. Come. Walk with me, and be at peace."

He got out of the straw bed, and walked to Her. She took his hand, and he looked back at the bed. He saw his body, laying there. Still and unmoving. Dead.

"It's quite a shock, isn't it?" Her voice was calm.

"Am I...dead?"

"Most assuredly so. Come."

They walked out of the cottage, hand in hand, and he noticed that they were not walking thru the streets of the village where he had lived.

"Where are we?"

"You'll see in a moment. Wait."

"Am I bound for Hell?" he asked.

She stopped, and looked him in the eyes.

"There is no Hell. You have lived as most humans do, loving, hating, being loved and being hated. You did the best you could with the Light you had to see by. You have learned much, and earned much."

Her voice was low, but filled with a vibrancy that touched his very soul.

They continued a little way down a hill, and then turned a corner, or something very much like it, and he saw, and heard the laughter.

"Is it Heaven? What is it? It's beautiful!"

"This is the Summerland. Here you will rest a while, and play, and perhaps meet old playmates again and discuss your Game, and ways to improve It. It is time for you to remember all your lives."

She reached up, and softly touched him on the forehead.

"Now remember."

And he did.

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